

July 6<sup>th</sup> 1865.

Dear Mr. Ruggles.

I should have made one  
more tender had I  
been engaged in a little  
with Hubbs about  
Key. Hubbs is an excellent  
but is apt to be flushed  
at the moment of departure.  
We had a very hot ride to  
Albany but were repaid by  
a superb view of the Catskill  
undergoing a thunder storm,  
which repaid us. We had  
a computation supper and

of course thirty, by your impatience to reach me,  
and let us add, the backsets of the load, though  
that is a gross descent. The stages are new and  
comfortable and you could also not persuade that  
road, so you will only be ~~from~~ Albany - Storm bones  
and a half from Delhi. The last eighteen miles  
is not so bad, only hilly and rough like all this  
delectable Delaware. A carriage will cost you four  
hundred to eighteen dollars, about to Emmersdale, it  
could bring three persons and one trunk or two  
persons. And two pounds, other trunks can be sent  
by stage for a dollar a piece. The sending of a  
carriage to Hancock brings \$10. to - L.O.  
We found our dear boys well. And



bed at the Belarau and  
left at half past seven by  
the Albany and Tasquebanna.  
It passes through a lovely  
country, soft and cultivated.  
It deposited us at Richmond-  
ville, rather a ram town where  
we dined, found a carriage  
waiting and began our ride  
of forty miles. The first twenty  
was so pretty that I am sure  
my dear Maria will never  
see it. for the Railway is  
now complete to South Newcastle  
32 miles from Delhi and will  
be opened they say to Ennismore  
on the 1<sup>st</sup> August. Thence I hope  
bring you to me, 18 miles, made

ruined the little captain, as soon as we could ac-  
cend up to see him. There he lies, his fair haired boy  
on the green hill side, with the poor little hands under  
his sweet paradiarthritis, securing to do something kindly  
and protecting in death as he can did in life. Some  
kind hand had covered both hands with flowers. Oh  
how those I could kiss it, it has not Mrs Gould, so  
than some unknown friend. I hope the Jones of Paradise  
think he is fathering you, do not find his eyes to there  
what his Mother said there, rest with her dear, it  
seems harder than ever to him without him out here.  
Mr Kambles comes on Saturday, tell the Mrs Maries they  
cant come too soon, or stay too long, the place looks heavenly.  
I hope you will come, dear Mr Ruggles. I need all my  
ready this sad summer. John is not my well today  
or I must go around him. Apply your Sympathy. Shewen